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38.—Taking Holy Orders under Bishop Lee.
38.—A Children's Chapel (Rusholme Road Independent).
39.—The Swedenborgians (Rev. John Hyde).
41.—St. Mary's, Hulme (Rev. F. C. Woodhouse.)
41.—The Stowell Memorial Church.
42.—Birch Church (Rev. Canon Anson).
43.—An Evening with the Christian Brethren.
45.—Manchester Cathedral.
45.—Sale Independent Chapel (Rev. Edward Morris).
46.—The German Church, Greenheys.
47.—Ritualism in Manchester (St. John Baptist's).
48.—St. Saviour's Church Rev W. F. Birch).
50.—The Rev. J. A. Gardiner (Presbyterian).
51.—Church Music in Manchester (Holy Trinity, Hulme, and the Jesuit Church).
52.—A Morning with the Baptists (Rev. H. J. Betts).
53.—The Church of the Ascension (Rev. C. T. Watson).
53.—Northen Churchyard.
54.—The Wesleyan College, Didsbury.
55.—St. Michael's and its Rector (Rev. G. S. Allen).
58.—Great Fast of the Jews.
59.—Deserted Churches: 1. St. Clement's.
60.—The Rev. J. A. Macfadyen.
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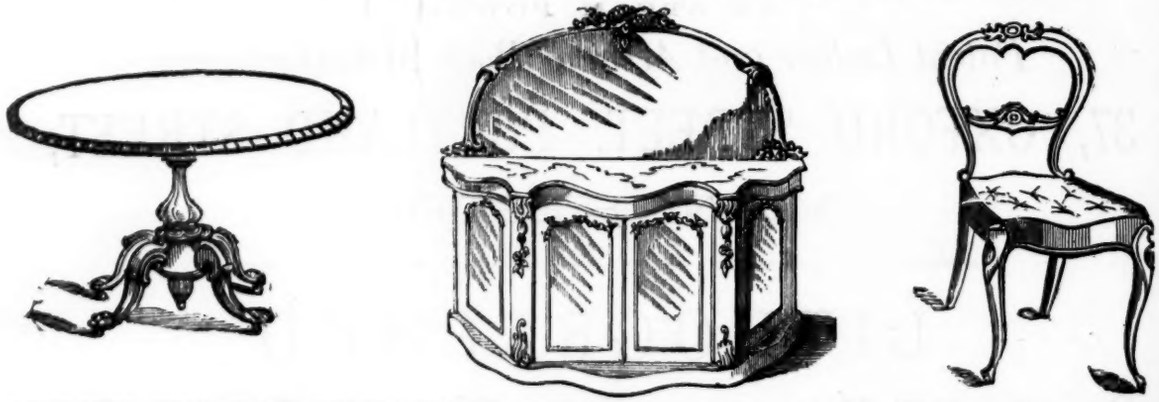

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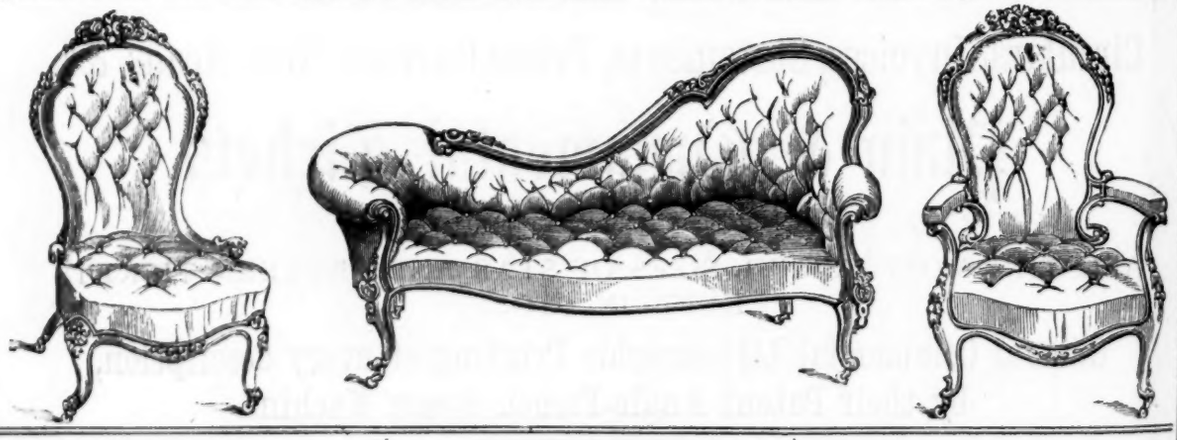

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[LIVING MEN OF LETTERS.]

3.—MR. ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

IT is very possible Mr. Swinburne might object to being called a "man of letters." He said once publicly that he is not a literary man, and he would, rather than otherwise, cast scorn upon living by his pen. Not that such men refuse the *honorarium* given by publishers. On the contrary, we presume purely for the good of the poor fellows who write, they demand and receive heavy rates of pay when their name is good in the market.

Mr. Swinburne, then, is a poet, but by no means pure and simple, taking those words "at the foot o' the letter," but a poet he is of rare order, forcible, free, salt, and buoyant as the sea; full of fire, dash, feeling, and expression; a poet who at one leap sat himself at the side of the crowned singers, and who divides Olympus with Tennyson, or disputes empire with Browning. For it is a thing damnable enough with Fame that the old worn soldier of a hundred fights shall at once give place to a boy soldier, and that the fierce flame of the hero of the day shall eclipse the constant splendours of him who has won and worn the diadem of song for years. This young and, as we believe, almost utterly spoilt child of fortune, is the latest comer amongst letters, and has already reached to the highest form.

In appearance, as you see him, let us say, at a literary dinner, in answer to some call upon him of which he don't approve, he is like a shop-boy, and a caddish shop-boy too. He has ancient blood in his veins, but it has not run to form and flesh. There is no doubt as to the quality of his brain, neither is there any doubt as to those of his heart and body; one is of the finest order; of the others the less said the better. In height this poet is about five feet six; in age rising upon twenty-seven (born at Holmwood, Surrey, 1843); his hair, which is bushy and plentiful, is of a fiery red; his face has that pallor which accompanies red hair, a paleness heightened by study, passion, and the fierce rebellious spirit within. Thin, badly dressed—or badly tailored—for the "clothes he occupies," as Artemus Ward has it, seldom seem to become him—the fiery little spirit looks neither a poet nor a gentleman, and yet he is both—by birth. An Eton boy and an Oxford man, he was a Baliol student and a first-rate Grecian; the wide and correct reading of the poet honours both his college and his school. He left Oxford without taking a degree, and in 1861 published his first poems, the *Queen Mother and Rosamond*, both of which fell dead. Four years afterwards he produced *Atalanta in Calydon*, a white quarto with a Grecian binding, which at once took the public and the press; and it was then remembered that the young poet was an Etonian, Oxonian, and nephew to a baronet of ancient descent. All these things tell in the scale. Poverty and low birth are matters now-a-days which weigh down many a genius—a pure diamond it may be, but which wants the sun to make it glitter.

The sun shone on *Atalanta*. The larger papers noticed it, and to say truth it deserved all the praise it got. It is pure Greek, as Greek in its feeling as if Keats had written it, or as if Shelley had translated it from Œschylus. Its author must have just risen, when he was fired with the idea, from *Orestes* and the *Eumenides*. There are, indeed, distinct traces of the sublime Greek Trilogy in the poem, and the mournful music is worthy the theme. The two passions or devils which possess this little fiery man of genius were kept pretty tightly chained during this translation, but now and then one shows his cloven foot. What are these devils? Incontinence is one—or, if you like Teutonic best, lust—and an arrogant rebellion against God is the other. Mr. Swinburne would admit neither, if we believe certain stories current in literary society. He does not admit that there is a revelation for one matter, and he believes that lust is a natural and excellent law. Now, we shall not repeat a tittle of what is well known in literary society, and which will be sure to be known to the world some day. Let gossips read what gossips write, and scavengers collect their heaps, of which they will find enough, we have only to deal with the books of this really fine poet. If he has a right—which we deny—to publish such stuff, we have a right to criticize it.

We have said that one little devil shewed himself in *Atalanta*, and this was rebellion against God. Of course in the Greek Tragedy, veiled like a statue of Satan covered with his wings, it looked beautiful indeed—majestic, sorrowful, and sublime. *Atalanta* strikes the key-note of blasphemy on the very earliest page. The gods give us poisonous drink for wine, and herbs that infect our blood; but the Chorus speaks out even more plainly against ONE God.

> Seen above other Gods of shapes of things,
> Swift without feet, and flying without wings;
> Intolerable, not clad with death or life;
> Insatiable, not known of night or day:
> The Lord of love and loathing, and of strife,
> Who gives a star and takes a sun away;
> Who shapes the soul, and makes her a barren wife
> To the earthly body and grievous growth of clay
> Who turns the large limbs to a little flame,
> And binds the great sea with a little sand;
> Who makes desire and slays desire with shame;
> Who shakes the heaven as ashes in his hand;
> Who, seeing the light and shadow for the same,
> Bids day waste night as fire devours a brand;
> Smites without sword, and scourges without rod:
> THE SUPREME EVIL, GOD.

There can be little doubt of the spirit which dictated this; yet the age welcomed it and praised it, and weak young men thought it "plucky," and spouted it at Atheistic meetings—we beg pardon—anti-theistic or anti-theologic is the phrase. Not one paper, that we remember, bore witness against it. The *Saturday* declared that we "were listening to one of the contemporaries of Euripides, who sought to copy the manner of Œschylus," to a poet full of vivid force and fulness of expression. The *Spectator* that the work "was a little too ingrained with Greek awe, but still exceeding fine." H'm. One God and Most High are hardly Greek! The *Times* that he had a keen eye for natural scenery (that dear old *Times!* What had that to do with it?) and a copious vocabulary of rich yet simple English! The *Athenæum* that "no one since Keats could touch him"—and it might have said that Shelley could not touch him for blasphemy. And the matronly and chaste *Morning Herald* introduced the poem with a chuckling "Assuredly this is the most complete and choicest effort which has for a long time announced that a scholar and a poet has come amongst us."

A scholar! There's the fault. Mr. Swinburne had prefixed two sets of Greek elegiac verse, of very good quality as college exercises, and dedicated to that exceedingly Greek old man and fine writer of very plain English, Walter Savage Landor, with whom he had sometime dwelt

at Florence, and there was little doubt that here was indeed a scholar. But he is not only a scholar in Greek, but in French. Brought up in France, he writes French with as much ease as he does English, and his little Rondels in that language have been very much admired. This cross of French-Greek education, with a dash of Landor-Italian, has been too much for a small but very fine brain. Indeed that brain must be small which, after reading Job, can take the one-sided view of God or nature, or, if he choose so to call it, the great First Cause, that Mr. Swinburne does. We shall shortly see whither this French-Greek, or modern Priapeian, has brought our poet to. We desire that our readers will think that we have no unkindness in our criticism, but will meditate on what we have pointed out.

For Mr. Swinburne is, as to this age, a very fine poet; perhaps the finest that our age has produced save one. But he has begun his fight with the world. His intellect is subversive. He cares not what creed, nor what system of morals he overthrows. He fights as did our old sea-dogs, yard-arm to yard-arm. "There we lay," says Commodore Trunnion, "sending shot and shell into her, hurling hand-grenades hot as hell, and throwing stink-pots into her hold." Mr. Swinburne had been long dealing out hand-grenades. In the year 1865, the house of Moxon, which used to be, until Tennyson withdrew from it, the reputed publishing house of poets, issued a certain volume of *Poems and Ballads*, by A. C. Swinburne, and the press, for a wonder, discovered that a very deadly stink-pot (a fire-weapon that, with a thick fume and choking stench, almost poisoned those it slew) had been hurled into our midst. Thereon the respectable house of Moxon apologized to the public, by withdrawing the book and refusing to sell it. The placing of a work in an Index Expurgatorius was a good advertisement, and Mr. Swinburne *(Punch*, we believe, christened him Swine-born, and the epigram was received with acclamation) fitted himself with a congenial and enterprizing publisher in the person of Mr. Hotten, and the sale went merrily on. The poet defended himself, and urged that he did not write for boys and girls, and that there was a literature far above the bread and butter and pinafore school, which is very true. But, unfortunately, these poems are not written for men, unless for those unfortunates who have been on Circe's shore, and are transformed to beasts.

The volume is a pretty volume, and contains wondrous poetry. In excellent prose Mr. Swinburne has (for he writes in the *Fortnightly)* told us of his antagonism to Christ. In this volume he not only did that but chose to hint to the world, in most unmistakable terms, that he preferred the worship of Venus. Something yet worse is to be found in this sad book. We do not believe that any pure man or woman can realize the unutterable baseness of some of the verses, nor dare we print our exposition of them; but we will give a few specimens, and these, we need not say, not by any means the worst. In this first musical rhapsody, the poet declares his antagonism to Christ:—

Thou hast conquered, oh, pale Galilean; the world has grown grey from thy breath;
We have drunken of things Lethean, and fed on the fulness of death. * *
Oh, lips that the live blood faints in, the leavings of racks and rods,
Oh, ghastly glories of saints and limbs of gibbetted gods!
Though all men abase them before you in spirit and all knees bend,
I kneel not, neither adore you, *but standing look to the end.*

In the next lines this ardent votary of Venus prophesies her triumph; still addressing Christ:—

Though these that were gods are dead, *and thou being dead art a god!*
Though before thee the throned Cytherean be fallen and hidden her head,
Yet thy kingdom shall pass Galilean, thy dead shall go down to thee dead.
Of the maiden, thy mother, men sing as a goddess with grace clad around;
Thou art throned where another was king; where another was queen she is crowned.
Yea, once we had sight of another, but now she is queen, say these,
Not as thine, not as thine, was our mother, a blossom of flowering seas,
Clothed round with the world's desire, as with raiment and fair as the foam,
And fleeter than kindled fire, and a goddess and mother of Rome!

We will not further insult our readers with the parallel of the two queens of Rome—Venus and the Blessed Virgin. The poem is itself a study, exceedingly melodious, and by an oft-repeated trick, apt alliteration, very liquid. Let us now pass from antagonism to our faith to a declaration of no faith. The first was in an ancient guise, a *Hymn to Proserpine*, after the proclamation of the Christian faith in Rome; the second is a little French song of adieu to a certain Félise. This lady, of whom the lover is apparently very tired, is told mockingly to pray:—

Behold! there is no grief like this;
The barren blossom of thy prayer
Thou shalt find out how sweet it is.
Oh, fools and blind *what seek ye there,*
High up in the air?

Ye must have gods—the friends of men,
Merciful gods, compassionate,
And these shall answer you again.
Will ye beat always at the gate,
Ye fools of fate?

Ye fools and blind; for this is sure,
That all ye shall not live but die.
Lo! what thing have ye found endure?
Or *what thing* have ye *found on high*
Past the blind sky?

The ghosts of words and dusty dreams,
Old memories, faiths infirm and dead.
Ye fools; for which among you deems
His prayer can alter green to red,
Or stones to bread.

Clearly young Mr. Swinburne does not understand the nature of Christian prayer, and fancies that we believe in a Providence which sends down penny loaves at our asking. But this godless and ignorant young man who, because he can write Greek and French, believes his education finished, has yet something that he prays to; and, in proving this, we shall touch but lightly upon that French-Priapeian method of his of bruising, and biting, and kissing, and sundry passionate exercitations quite Gallic or Bacchic, or Delian if you like; but neither English nor manly. Thus hymns he to his goddess:—

Thou wert fair in the fearless old fashion,
And thy limbs are as melodies yet,
And move to the music of passion
With lithe and lascivious regret.
What ailed us, oh gods, to desert you
For creeds that refuse and restrain;
Come down and redeem us from virtue,
Our Lady of Pain!

What a line—what a prayer is that! Shall we go a step further in this passage; shall we glance at *Hermaphroditus?* But no; to people who comprehend this is enough. Mr. Swinburne is overborne by this age of cold proprieties at the half-life of society. At the passion which exhales in asking for a postage stamp, in Mr. Trollope's cold-blooded way, he is aghast and weary. He is sick of Philistines, but he hungers not for love in the hearty, manly English fashion. Poor boy, what a career he has missed! For with all the glimpses of great talent that he has shown, with all his fine melody, mastery of verse, and genius, the books he has produced can never be read by the young—to whom a poet chiefly addresses himself. His chief and most high works are but mocking songs of the Atheist that erst might have been sung in Sodom, and lascivious hymns to Adonis that might fitly have been howled in Gomorrah.

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BY OUR OWN (BETTY) MARTIN F. TOPER.

There is good in most things—*nil nisi bonum*—and many there are find perennial refreshment in chalk:
Yet there is not much good in teetotallers, for, though ever so thirsty, they still against drinking will talk;
And, whilst on this subject, avoid their discourse; their facts and remarks are oft pointedly rude:
Or only observe, in a dignified way, that "the preacher who goes to the *Bell* is sure to come home at last screwed."

The following will prove advantageous advice to persons addicted to roam:
The nearest public-house is not so convenient as one that lies further from home.

But one ought to put up with one's better half, though her treatment at times should prove queer,
And comfort one's self with the axiom wise, that "Half-and-half is better than having no beer."
Just once in a way you may make an excuse (if your wife is good-tempered) for coming to bed about three;
But, generally speaking, a latch-key is not the best invention to wind up a spree.

The words which follow should be written in gold—or aluminum at least—"Never give yourself up to the blues;"
For, when you have driven all the nails in your coffin, some friend will turn up to drive in the screws."

MR. EDMUND ASHWORTH ON TRADES' UNIONS.

MR. Edmund Ashworth is entitled to be heard with respect upon any subject touching trade and its relations. He is a very pains-taking, we would even say a very humane man, if Mr. Ashworth would consider it complimentary to ticket him thus, and although in some respects he represents the foibles of his class, yet in others he rises above them. He does not let us perceive the narrowness, and the jealousy, and the tyranny too frequently latent behind the homilies which are read by Lancashire manufacturers to their work-folk, and which their work-folk generally treat with undisguised contempt.

It has always appeared to us that the natural antagonism of the employer to the employed, and *vice versa*, is never taken into consideration when the influences of Trades' Unions are being discussed. In all relations of life we find men throwing up good situations in one of these antagonistic fits, and employers discharging good servants, because in some minor matter they could not have their own way. The unbiassed observer of, and commentator upon, these incidents sums them up by saying "What a couple of fools!" and he need not delve into the dust-bins of political economy to prove the foolery at all, for the foolery is on the surface—as indeed, according to Thomas Carlyle, it is in most things. The excision of noses to spite faces is as prevalent amongst employers as employed, but the former, being the richer, can fix up a gutta percha nose, whilst the latter must abandon all nasal protuberance probably for ever. A very shrewd lady once said in our hearing, respecting her son, who was then in a Manchester warehouse, that he was just about that age when he would begin to detest his employers. Undoubtedly the unlovelier aspects of the relations between employer and employed are not all on the side of the latter. The accident of capital or of chance very frequently places at the head of a large body of men an employer who has very few moral qualities beyond those of a well-trained quadruped, and who does not or cannot disguise this from his work-people. If a person of this sort could write, which all quadrupeds cannot do, and could put down on paper, as it is called, his impressions of his "hands," we should be very much edified by the perusal of those impressions. But, abandoning the quadrupedal employers, and rising into the upper strata of that class, do we find that the blandness and lucid clearness with which they lay down, in speeches and pamphlets, the mutual relations of master and man are transferred into the mill-yard of real life when a deputation of "hands" (we are obliged to use the word, though it is an unpleasant one) is waiting upon them? Nothing of the sort. The bland pamphleteer then stands upon his dignity as a man, and not as a brother. "Confound these fellows," is his silent reflection. "I am not to be dictated to by a parcel of spinners and weavers. It is true I am one against many, and they are cowards to assail me just at this moment; but let them come on; I will stand in the pass of Thermopylæ, and defy this tyrannical horde—this oily, fluffy rabble, dependent upon me for their subsistence. Why should they be placed upon a different footing than my groom or my butler? I decline their proposition. I call it a *threat*. Let them strike, and be asterisked." All this is natural enough, but why is it not allowed for when we are discussing Trades' Unions? Is it supposed that the men cannot feel it, or that there is not a subtle transmission of this antagonistic feeling from one to the other—from the master to the man? It is, we admit, a necessary misfortune of the master that he cannot show that interest, or, at least, he cannot distribute that interest which many other employers can, over the people he employs, and thus a species of apparent hardness is communicated perhaps to his demeanour which he may not feel. It is obviously very difficult for a millowner, with several hundred persons working for him, to manifest his regard for them, or the interest he feels in them, habitually. To compensate for this, he very often tries to effect this vicariously, by the dispensation of his funds, in various ways, for their benefit; but that never supplies the want of *personal relations*. So the antagonism is widened, or, at all events, it is not narrowed, as it might be, and as it is in many other occupations.

There are many trade combinations which are not overt ones, and which do not fall, therefore, under the lash of Mr. Ashworth and Dr. Watts. Any one who has been engaged in Manchester business for twenty years will not require to be told this. The terrorism of Trades' Unions is not all amongst the fustian jackets, but the broadcloth unionists are too sensible to make a bother about it. They adopt the silent system of grinning and abiding. All these combinations work themselves out. If they be offences against natural laws, they must be ultimately punished out of existence. If Trades' Unions be such baseless absurdities as the masters tell us—and their testimony is very unbiassed—then these unions will pale ultimately before the march of political economy, the stony faced catechisms for working men, and all the rest of the dilemma horns upon which subtle dialecticians delight to place the operative. Only give them time and the unions must go down. Anger and face-spiting may endure for a time, but no body of men in the long run will insist upon running counter to their own weal

Meanwhile there are probably evils enough attending trades' unions at present, without it being necessary to augment them by arguments like that which Mr. Ashworth uses when he wants to prove, through the mouth of Mr. Samuda, that had it not been for English trades' unionism France and Germany would never have commenced constructing locomotives for themselves. Does Mr. Ashworth believe that the march of mechanical science on the continent is to be arrested whilst we in this country keep moving on? Is it likely that princes like Louis Napoleon and statesmen like Bismarck will allow their respective peoples to lag behind in so important a department of industry as the building of locomotives? We decidedly protest against making these trades' unions into a national bugbear. They are not even as important as their own advocates would wish us to believe. They are a rash thrown up to the surface of the body politic, and, disagreeable as they look, they may, nevertheless, be the preventors of worse maladies by far. In struggling up out of the feudal feelings of old days—feelings which in many parts of England even yet prevail—we are pretty certain to get wrong now and then. The Englishman is a docile being after all. He respects the law, and he loves peace—perhaps he loved peace better 50 years ago than he does now; but then he did not know what it meant. During the 50 years many changes have occurred—for the better for us all, and very few for the worse. It would be odd if liberal and enlightened politicians of Mr. Ashworth's school were to attribute the factiousness of the workpeople to their knowing too much. An old-world cotton spinner told us the other day that, for his part, he thought there were too many penny papers about. What would Mr. Ashworth say in reply? Would he say that whilst the thoughts of other men have been widened "with the process of the suns," the British workman, who in pure politics is such a marvel, is in all other respects such a pigheaded knave that he is continually running down a steep place into the sea?

"The national industry," says Mr. Ashworth, "is so shackled and clogged by Trades' Unions and their hindering rules, that we need not be surprized that a free country like Belgium can do so and so." What does Mr. Ashworth mean by "a free country?" Does he consider Belgium freer than England because the masters in Belgium have more

their own way than they have here? Has he ever been in Belgium, and seen the condition of some of the operatives as to their food, their clothing, and their homes? How is it that we have Belgian cotton spinners coming over to England to spin their yarn, transporting it to Belgium for dyeing, and then selling the dyed stuff to Indian merchants for their markets? Mr. Ashworth and others are so bitten with the Trades' Union maggot, that they will say the shackles and the clogs have been put on in this case, too. For our parts we hope the English workman will never get into the condition of the men and women whom we have seen in the neighbourhood of Brussels, who lived principally all the year round on black bread, coffee, and vegetables, and to whom the taste of butchers' meat was almost unknown.

'BUSSES AND BAD CIGARS.

OMNIBUS proprietors, beware! A very remarkable woman, or rather a "lady who loves a good cigar" not wisely but too well, has got her beautiful eye upon you. She wrote to our contemporary, the *Examiner*, on Thursday, the 4th inst., as follows:—

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER AND TIMES.

Sir,—Your public spirit in exposing and redressing the grievances of ladies leads me to bring under your notice the practice, now so common, of so-called gentlemen travelling by omnibus who stand upon the steps, frequently smoking bad cigars or worse tobacco, thereby at once impeding and polluting the air which the inside passengers have to breathe. These men belong generally to the class of middle-aged swells, whose object seems to be to exhibit their Apollo-like proportions and their tailor's skill. As the omnibus has become a daily necessity, I think it is time this nuisance should be abated, and I hope your kind assistance in inserting this will have the desired effect.—Yours truly, A LADY WHO LOVES A GOOD CIGAR.

But to us she has breathed in divine poesy, and here you have it.

Come, lords of the creation, and listen to my tale,
And let the words of soberness from lady's lips prevail;
The time is ripe away to wipe a mischief and a sin,
And those who want to find it out may just inquire within.

I travel by the omnibus because it's light and airy;
The straw is sweet beneath my feet—fit footing for a fairy;
The seats are damp, and there's a lamp to flicker on our noses;
And there's a smell, I love it well, like stablelary posies.

The guard is Scotch, with curling hair, his cheeks are somewhat hollow,
He stands upon the footboard like the Belvedere Apollo;
A baldrick, slung athwart his back, contains the change for tanners;
He's of iron constitution, but he's brazen in his manners.

All Nature on my omnibus at first appears to smile,
And we grate along most nutmegly for fully half-a-mile,
When, all at once, a gent I see, obese at his equator,
Whose every gesture, look, and move, denote correct potato.

He swings on to the footboard like an athletic sailor—
A middle-age advertisement of bootmaker and tailor;
He holds within his hairy jaws an infamous cigar,
And I wish that middle-ager——well, I wish him very far.

For he volumes forth his baccy smoke right up the scented 'bus,
Like a Yankee Doodle duffer or a Cincinnati cuss;
And the pungent vapour titillates my aquilinish nose,
And I look, I can assure you, not at all "couleur de rose."

Why should the vaulted blue above be thus defaced, defiled?
Why was I born on British soil, a happy Christian child?
Let England's rampant lion roar, likewise the unicorn,
And crash into this swell obese, and dis-exalt his horn.

I love a good cigar, my *Sphinx*, as well as any she,
A regalia eleganta is a pleasant sight to me;
And the graceful, bending meerschaum, with its charge of fragrant weed,
Is a badge of knightly vigour fit for ancient Runnymede.

But the race of penny pickwicks and those horrible fusees,
That smell of Guido Fauxes or of frizzling axle trees,
I would blow from off creation with annihilating puff;
And having sung this pleasant song, I think I've sung enough.

TOWN TALK,

AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MUNICIPAL ATTENDANCES.

THE annual table of the attendances of the various members of the council, at the meetings of that body and its committees, has been published for the municipal year which has just terminated. The document is interesting, though of course the deductions to be drawn from it can be only of the vaguest and most general character. Such tables are the dry records of effects for which there may have been a hundred causes, none of which they even hint at; and therefore inferences must be drawn from them not only with the greatest care, but with the greatest diffidence. Also, that a man has been present at all times is no proof that he has done his duty better than one who has been present fewer times. Still, bald attendances are notches that may fairly be added to the score of municipal virtues, inasmuch as in the municipal case they are the first step up that metaphorical ladder which is so often lugged on to the platform, and brandished before the eyes of aspirants, by public speakers. We think, then, it is meritorious to mention that Mr. Councillor Livesley bears away the palm for punctuality, having missed only one of the 296 occasions when he was due. Mr. Councillor Greenwood and Messrs. Aldermen Booth and King have more attendances scored to their credit, but have considerably more absences notched on the other side. Perhaps, all things considered, Mr. Councillor Greenwood is the best boy. But he must not on this account be allowed to pluck the camellia of merit from the buttonhole of the oldest member of the council, who has been absent only seven times out of 265. Bravo, Blumenrock! No doubt his seven absences were occasioned either by the scarcity of flowers or prevalence of dinner parties—two excuses the validity of which the man who would deny would be a wretch whom 'twere gross flattery to, &c. If it be somewhat invidious to praise for presences, it is equally invidious to blame for absences—weak-minded people will think even more so. Nevertheless, we may venture to remark that it is not apparent what use Mr. Alderman Bake—whose attendances at most of his committees are good—is to the paving committee, of whose 25 meetings he has attended 0; and Mr. Councillor Clayton to the nuisance committee, of whose 26 meetings he has attended the same number; and Mr. Alderman Heywood to the watch committee, of whose 50 meetings he has attended 3; the Medlock committee, of whose 11 meetings he has attended 1; and the health committee, of whose 32 meetings he has attended also 1. The health committee, well attended by the councillors, appears to be shirked by the aldermen.

THE REV. H. H. WESTMORE.

We understand that the Rev. H. H. Westmore, who has been the senior minor canon of our Cathedral since 1853, is likely to succeed the Rev. Henry Melvill, the "golden-mouthed," as rector of Barnes, near London. The living is a valuable one, and it is pleasant to know that Mr. Westmore will at length receive some reward for his long and earnest labours in Manchester. We should have preferred to hear that his promotion had occurred in the immediate sphere of his exertions. He has certainly been the most active member of the Cathedral body—some say the only really active member—and, under ordinary circumstances, he might, one would think, have been elected to a canonry, when, at any time previous to the death of Canon Wray, the right lay with the Chapter. Then, and since, he has been systematically passed over. His labours among the aged and poor, and the establishment of the Sunday evening services at the Cathedral, in the face of much passive resistance, are not likely to be soon forgetten in Manchester; and kindly memories will follow him wherever he may hereafter be placed.

THE GREAT IRWELL SEWER.

The Salford Council decided, on Tuesday, by 29 votes to 18, to postpone for another year all measures for the prevention of floods in the Irwell. As the three parties—the property-owners, the corporation of Salford, and the corporation of Manchester—upon whom the cost will devolve, have not yet managed to apportion the amount of their several contributions, the deposit of a bill in the next session of parliament would obviously be premature, if not altogether useless. It is difficult to attempt to assess the blame of this delay. The Manchester Corpora-

tion has been somewhat apathetic, no doubt, and its latest decision as to the amount it is prepared to contribute was announced after a curt and unconciliatory discussion. But the responsibility of the muddle may, we imagine, be distributed pretty equally all round. It is not clear, however, that the postponement is an unmixed evil. The prevention of floods is neither the only nor the most important question connected with the Irwell. The public generally are much more interested in its purification, and this is a question which has, as yet, received little or no attention at the hands of the two councils. They are, it is said, awaiting the report of the Rivers Pollution Commission. It will probably be found that the purification and flood prevention may be most economically and most efficiently effected at one and the same time, although, of course, the area of the purification will comprise the whole of the river basin, and not merely the portion which flows through the city and borough.

THE MOBS AT THE CONCERT HALL.

Last Monday evening, our duty at a neighbouring establishment took us past the closed doors of the Concert Hall, just at the time when the crowd of shivering wretches who besiege that place of martyrdom so long before the time of opening, were shivering their very wretchedest. A mob of full-dressed ladies, young and old, and full-dressed little boys, rush out of innumerable carriages on to the miserable portico of that temple, and stand on the steps there, waiting—a great full-dressed crowd, huddled together in promiscuous confusion. A most objectionable sight. Of the middle-aged ladies we say nothing: the fatuous behaviour of most middle-aged unmarried ladies is confirmed in its offensiveness. The little boys we must not be too hard on: they have big heads, but very little in them. And who but themselves and their mammas cares anything about them? It is with the young ladies only that we would remonstrate. Will they never learn self-respect? Will they never put a proper price upon their comeliness? They enhance their natural graces with all the artificial graces they can get, and the total sum of grace they hold so cheap that they will crush it up amongst a hundred rivals, in a half-starved mob, and keep it waiting—waiting—waiting in a dirty street, darkness, and a bleak wind—a show for every casual passer-by—a sight of scorn for gods and men, especially the coachmen who have brought them. It is impossible for anyone to care for beauty, after seeing a mob of it thus huddled up together, like sheep on a Rotterdam steamer.

THE JEWS' SCHOOL AND CHRISTIAN SCHOLARS.

Before the recent Town Hall meeting for the "conversion" of the Jews is quite forgotten, it may not be amiss to contrast the illiberality of its proceedings with the liberality of the Jews themselves in the management of their schools on the Cheetham Hill Road. These have been in existence 30 years; and within a few days of the Town Hall assembly the local papers reported the opening of a new building, the number of pupils having outgrown the dimensions of the old school. We learn from the annual reports of the committee—and this is the point to which we wish to invite attention—that the schools are open to Jew and Gentile alike, and that within the last two years there have been some 25 Christian youngsters receiving at one time their education there, and receiving it without any theological or sectarian bias whatever. It seems that in the year 1867 a Christian youth took away the first prize, which we suppose we may regard as an evidence that upon this occasion the Jews were not too many for him. What, in the estimation of the Rev. W. J. Kidd and his fellows, will be the sequel of this boy's career it would be difficult to guess. The Town Hall people ought, however, to keep an eye upon the Jews' schools, as one of their missionaries might make rather a large bag if he could get a day or two upon a preserve like that. The chairman of the committee of the Jews' schools, Mr. Edward Nathan, of Didsbury, a parishioner, we believe, of the Rev. Mr. Kidd, gave the committee a blank cheque for the liquidation of the remaining building debt; and he exhibited his anti-Christian tendencies by not insisting that the 25 Christian children should be taken in hand for conversion at once.

MAHOMMEDAN RELIGIOUS "TRACK" SOCIETY.—The Meccan Pilgrims.

AN IRISH PATRIARCH.

BY EDWIN WAUGH.

My age is as a frosty winter,
Frosty, but kindly.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

THERE are some people that one would rather see through a telescope than with the naked eye. Like the crater of Vesuvius, they look well in the back-ground, but they are bad to bide at arm's length. But, during my recent stay in the North of Ireland, I met with a man whose hand I was glad to grasp—a man of a million—for he was not only quaint and kindly-natured and quietly-cheery, but he was a hundred and three years old—and not unlikely to live twenty years longer. It was a rare pleasure to me, for it is not every day one can sit down to chat with a centenarian who has all his wits about him.

On the top of a green eminence about a mile from the Giant's Causeway, there is a little village called Cairn-side, or, "The side of the burial-place," and about a mile from that there is another village, called Cairn-kirk. Probably some man of note has been laid to rest there, in the time of the old Irish wars—some Danish chieftain, perhaps, has left his bones in that spot, hoping to reach that wild paradise where he could sit eternally guzzling ale out of the skulls of his enemies; for those fierce pirates troubled these coasts terribly about nine centuries ago. Cairn-side is a snug cluster of farm-houses and their cottage dependences, which have crept together in a bowery nook of the hill top, to keep one another warm, and have fallen asleep with listening to the sea. It is lifted out of the reach of bustle, although within half-a-mile of the curious stream of life which passes along the road to the Causeway. There is nothing artfully beautiful about the place at all. It is true that two or three of its best houses are whitewashed and slated, and look as if they had come from somewhere else, on a holiday visit to their poor relations; but the rest are little cots—humbly rustic as so many field flowers—roughly built of fragments of basaltic rock, and roofed with grass-grown thatch; and here and there is one in a picturesque state of untenanted ruin—roofless, and with windowless and bulging walls. There are patches of garden in the village, too, where kitchen growth divides the soil with fuschias and aromatic flowers and plants; and here and there an orchard tree. There are stunted trees and bour-tree bushes about it, too; and they all lean one way, as if the prevailing winds came from the sea; and when harvest time "crowns the year with goodness," little round stacks begin to appear in rows, about the borders of the village, relieved here and there with dark ridges of turf piled up for use in the coming winter. Cairn-side is a little green cup of retired rural life, upon the hill top—shy, sweet, and pensively-serene—a tranquil playmate of the piping winds. It seems to belong as much to the sky as to the ground. It smells of cows and posies; and its air is musical with the twitter of birds, the milk-maid's song, and the careless whistle of the lounging herd-boy. The pleasant sounds of the farm-yard make it naturally glad. The drowsy chant of the waves is in its ears by night and day; and the voice of Bush Foot brings up to the hill top the news of approaching rain. Every wind that blows harps upon its little gables, and wandering sunbeams, "gliding apace, with shadows in their train," love to linger in that simple mountain nest. It is moated round with slopes of green; and the breezy little hermitage looks quite content with that isolated perch, although one or two of its houses peep over the edge of their nestling-place, as if they wanted to see what was going on in the world. A little streamlet comes wimpling down the glen—like a silver fringe upon the skirt of the hill—and here and there the water is dammed up into side pools, for the farmers to steep their flax in. The village commands a vast and a varied view; on one side the craggy coast of Antrim, from the Causeway to Macgilligan's Head, at the mouth of Lough Foyle, and the wild mountains of Donegal; and, far over the sea, the frontier sentinels of the Western Isles—hills of Islay, and the Paps of Jura—stand weirdly dim in the heaving waters; to the eastward the Isle of Rathlin and the coast of Cantire—and, farther away, the mountain tops of the Scottish main; on the south-east, beyond a pleasant landscape, all besprent with little villages and white farm-houses, the graceful round of Knocklade rises nearly two thousand feet, and the irregular range of the Slemish mountains marks the country of "The Glens" and the line of the east coast of Antrim; and, immediately under the eye, the

chimney-tops of Sir Edmund Macnaughten's mansion peep out from the woods of Dunderave, and the blue smoke of Bushmills rises from the valley below. It was the striking appearance of Cairn-side, as seen from the distance, that first attracted my attention; and some passing remark upon the subject to a friend called forth the fact that a man dwelt there who was 103 years old. "You've seen mony a strange thing in your time, nae doot," said he, "but there's something in Cairn-side that would be new anes for ye—for as quiet a spot as it looks. There a man lives who is 103 years auld, an' no that ill at his meat yet but he may see baith you an' me oot."

Soon after this I was invited to visit the old man, the way having been prepared for me by a friend. It was about the beginning of harvest time, and his son, who is a substantial farmer, and with whom he dwells, was away in the fields. I was shown into a little parlour which looks forth upon the garden, at the front of the house, where I was speedily joined by his daughter and his daughter-in-law, from whom I learnt the following particulars relative to the life of James Todd, which, though trivial in themselves, become very interesting when associated with a man who has lived 103 years in this world of ours, and who is yet comparatively hale in body, and of a clear and cheerful mind. He was born in the year 1765, at the farmhouse of Craig-a-Hullion, about two miles from Portrush, and he has lived 70 years in the little village of Cairn-side. He has always worked in the land and amongst cattle; and he has always been a temperate man, though not a total abstainer. "I *have* seen him a little hearty now and then, but very seldom." This was told to me afterwards by his son, who is himself a staid and abstemious man, and an elder of the Presbyterian Church, well stricken in years. All his life long the centenarian patriarch has been a healthy man, and a regular and temperate eater of simple food. He is still regular at his meals, and ready for them. At dinner time he "eats whatever is going"—that is, they have no necessity to prepare special dishes for the old man. The son says—"My father is stronger than I am, and he can eat what I cannot." At eight o'clock he takes his usual supper of oatmeal porridge and milk, and retires to bed; and he goes upstairs and dresses and undresses himself without assistance. His breakfast of tea and toast is taken up to him at eight in the morning, after which he has a second sleep till ten. He then dresses himself and comes down, and the old man is still able to shave himself. He never lies down nor sleeps during the day, but sits by the kitchen fire nursing the children; and sometimes he has the whole four of them about his knees at once. He likes to hear what is stirring in the world outside, and his daughter tells him the news from day to day. His wife died at the age of 93. He was then 92, and his brother, who lived in the same village, was 95. Whilst a young man he took a trip to North America, and the voyage was full of storm and disaster. The ship was beaten to and fro twelve weeks upon the high seas. There were 57 persons died with fever during the passage, and two of the afflicted leaped overboard in a frenzy, and were drowned. In addition to this, 29 of the passengers and crew were pressed into the king's service by a British frigate. The old man has still vivid remembrances of this and many other strange events that happened during the first half of his life; and he likes to chat about them when he can get a kindly listener. Indeed, I understand that he remembers things that happened three-quarters of a century ago better than things that befel yesterday. He sometimes tells, with a kind of pride, how well he remembers a Highland herdsman of his father's carrying him upon his shoulders through the village when he was "a little bare-leggit chiel, scarcely five years auld." The reader will note here that the language used by the old man is that of one descended from the Scottish settlers in the North of Ireland, and not of the ancient Milesian race.

It wanted about an hour of the old man's bed-time as I sat in the little parlour conversing with his daughter and daughter-in-law, on that fine summer evening, when, in the midst of our talk, the sound of slow footsteps, accompanied by the measured clank of two sticks, came along the passage leading from the kitchen. "This is my father," said his daughter, as the aged veteran made his appearance in the doorway. He entered the parlour unassisted, and with steady step, though slow; and, as I rose from my seat, the old man, with a touch of antique courtesy, bade me "Good evening!" and, in a slightly tremulous voice, begged that I would not be disturbed. He was a square-built man, with thin white hair. He was considerably bent beneath the load of a century of years, and he walked with a stick in each hand, though there was no shakiness in his gait, and he had evidently been a strong, round-limbed man, about five feet seven in height, in his best days. Taking the chair on the opposite side of the window, he said, as he shook hands with me, "I understand you are a stranger in these parts, sir. Well, well, I am very glad to see ye!" He then began to chat freely upon times and events that were long before my day, and his talk was laced with many a little bit of racy quaintness that smacked of the olden time. He remembered the town of Portrush when there were only three wee thatched houses in it; and he remembered a congregation of four at the old church of Ballywillan, consisting of the rector, the clerk, the "grave-master," and himself. He had many fearful recollections of the Irish rebellion in 1798; and, now and then, wandering away among these ancient memories, he would say, "About eighty years ago, so and so lived at such a place, and his brother Angus had a good farm hard by—but, what am I speaking o'—what ye wadna be born then." Alluding to his present condition, he said, "My eyes are beginning to fail me lately. I cannot read now, but I can understand the Scriptures when I hear them read." And so the old man chatted on, in his quaint way, for half an hour, as we sat there in the quiet gloaming of a summer day—his little granddaughter, scarcely eighteen months old, playing at the feet of her grandsire of one hundred and three—the most touching meeting of the morning and evening of human life I ever beheld. And when the old man rose and took his leave, I thought as he disappeared in the doorway that, perhaps, I should never look upon his like again.

BILLIARDS WITHOUT THE SPOT STROKE.

TO many others besides ourselves the match between Cook and Bowell, at Moss Side, on Saturday last, possessed unusual attractions. There was to be no white trail of chalk on the cloth to and from the spot, as there was in the match with Roberts, for the spot stroke was barred, and Cook and his opponent were confined to losing hazards, or ordinary winning hazards, and cannons. It is a far prettier game. After a succession of spot strokes, we exclaim "Wonderful!" After a succession of cannons, we say "Beautiful!" And in the two words we describe the difference. It has long been our opinion that the English game at billiards would be considerably improved by scoring two points for the red winning hazard, instead of three, as at present. The spot stroke would then possess one charm the less, and the attention of players would be directed more to the cannon and losing hazard game than it ever will be so long as pocketing the red counts three.

But here we are at the Moss Side Assembly Rooms, a little before the time, and the players have not arrived. There are not quite so many here as there were when Cook and Roberts played their great match, but the room is comfortably full. Curls of smoke are rising like incense from the calumets; and many tongues are expressing opinions which to-night will have little weight unless they are backed for money. The majority seem to think that Cook, in conceding 250 points to Bowell, and also barring the spot shot, of which he is so great a master, is conceding too much. There is a stamping of feet and other expressions of impatience on the part of the assembled company as the minute hand begins to score its tens past the appointed hour. At last Cook enters the room, and is cheered by his friends. Bowell enters very quietly soon after, and both players proceed to take off their coats. Bowell commences the game by giving a miss in baulk. Cook follows with another miss, and then scoring begins. Bowell plays well at first, and his game is a very even one, but Cook seems to require a great deal of spurring, and appears to be indifferent until his opponent begins to distance him, then he rouses himself into a splendid action, and from that time he plays as we have never seen anyone play before. "Cook 30, Bowell 297," shouts Bancroft, who is marking, in a clear distinct voice that rings out above the murmur of undertones, always noticeable in a match on which there is much betting. Those who have never seen Cook play before have a doubt as to his chance to-night; but when Bowell reaches his fourth hundred, Cook has scored 256, and the friends of both players are equally sanguine. When Cook scores his third hundred, Bowell stands at 511. Now comes one of Cook's largest breaks, 96. It is the turning point of the game, and from this time Cook becomes the

favourite. He reaches 400 when his opponent is resting on his cue at 556, and when the nine o'clock interval is announced he has increased his numbers to 501, while Bowell is stationary at 570.

The players retire, and the room becomes a scene of confusion. A few of the spectators retain their seats, but the majority crowd round the table or rush to the bars for refreshment. We follow in the stream, and are gently borne along into the hotel that adjoins the assembly rooms. Here we find a very mixed company—doctors, lawyers, merchants, bookmakers, professional billiard players, markers, and men who in their day have followed the plough. Cook is quietly sipping his claret, and ourselves inadvertently doing something equally innocent. There are no ideas here beyond billiards. The game thus far is freely discussed, and we don't think we could hear a pin drop. As for the ancient waiter, we should not be surprised if he charges us a shilling for sixpenn'orth, but he doesn't, and we admire him for his coolness and self-possession under trying circumstances.

The game is resumed at half-past nine. Cook reaches 600 when Bowell is 599. And when the game is called, "Cook 700, Bowell 644," it is practically over. Yet there is now some very cautious play, with a number of strategic misses and unimportant breaks, until Bowell ends a series of misses by forcing both balls off the table. It is now half-past ten, and the score stands—Cook 840, Bowell 790. Cook now chalks his cue and plays splendidly, and when he ends a mangificent break of 125 there is a prolonged burst of applause. After another and final effort from Bowell, which increases his score to 792, Cook finishes the game at 10.45 p.m., and we leave our seats with the rest to journey homeward through the rain, satisfied in our own mind that the spot stroke should always be "barred," and billiards always be played as it was played to-night.

Cook looks pale, and his lips are whiter than they should be. He would be better if he saw more of the green fields, and less of the green cloth. When applauded, he raises his eyebrows, as if innocently wondering why the applause was given. A bad shot seems to irritate him, and he chalks his cue somewhat angrily after he has made one, but from first to last he never seems to have any doubt as to the final result. In the game to-night he played very cautiously at times, somewhat carelessly at others. On more than one occasion he broke down the triangle in a series of trickling cannons, when he might have easily retained it; but we merely point to the exceptions. As a rule, he is the best player for position we have ever seen. Bowell is no match for him in this; indeed, from his play to-night, we consider that Cook's strongest point is Bowell's weakest.

Bowell belongs to the miniature division, has a dark beard and moustache, and is very quick in his movements. He has sharp eyes, and a pale face. A four foot nine cue looks almost too large for him, but he handles it like a master. He plays with a nervous action of the hand, and plays well, but he sometimes becomes tedious in his indecision as to the best move to make. His trick of knocking balls off the table is, in our opinion, as bad in billiards as falling without a blow was considered to be in the palmy days of the now almost extinct P.R. His losing hazards were very good, and some of his cannons were as well played as they could be, but his carelessness or bad judgment, in pocketting his opponent's ball by cannons too sharply played or miscalculated, did much to lose him the game. He looks rather serious when playing, but sometimes smiles knowingly after a safe shot that will render his opponent's next stroke a blank; and, when all is going on well in his breaks, he fairly dances round the table, in his anxiety to make the easy score that presents itself. Neither player made many complicated cannons, nor did they often venture round the table, preferring in most instances to give a miss. The finest round cannon was played by Cook, who played on three cushions before touching either ball, having had to play from baulk. He also executed some clever running through shots, and scored some exceedingly difficult screws, but in one or two cases failed ridiculously at easy winning hazards. His knowledge of side and strength seems almost perfect. Some of his retards were very cleverly played; but both he and Bowell made poor use of the long cue. He begins a game slowly and ends brilliantly. The large break in the latter part of his performance to-night was something worth seeing, and was evidently satisfactory to himself, as he looked pleased. Perhaps the fact that his next stroke would be the last, and that the last would win £50, had something to do with the radiant expression on his face. He deserved to win, and won.

The friends of Bowell were anxious to make another match with Cook at 450 points in 1,000, but the offer was not considered sufficiently good. Afterwards, however, an arrangement was made for a game of 2,000 up, Bowell to receive 900 points, and, of course, the spot stroke to be allowed. This match, which is for £50, will be looked upon with great interest, as one half will be played in London on a Borroughes and Watts table, and the other half in Manchester on a Bailie and Swallow table. Notwithstanding the great number of points in Bowell's favour, we believe Cook will play with the winning cue.

MR. SOTHERN.

MR. SOTHERN is the most painstaking and disappointing of actors. On the limited range of characters to which he confines himself he bestows the closest study, and he works out his own conceptions with the most elaborate finish and minuteness of detail. His asides and semi-conscious appeals to the audience are telling and effective, and his make-up, although perhaps too "swellish," is always pleasing and agreeable to the eye. Nevertheless, the result of his performances is unsatisfactory and disappointing, and we leave the theatre with a feeling that we have seen a good actor thrown away, and with only very feeble and not altogether pleasurable reminiscences of the performance. Mr. Sothern is wasting his time upon the ephemeral characters on which he bestows so much pains. We venture to say that if he would make a bold plunge into the refreshing waters of high comedy, he would emerge reinvigorated and with a new lease of professional life.

Mr. Sothern appears to us to be lacking in self-confidence, and a just appreciation of his own powers. Surely the actor who can make so much of Dundreary and such flimsy characters as the heroes of *Home* and *The Favourite of Fortune*, could do justice to Doricourt, in *The Belle's Stratagem*, Jack Absolute, Puff in *The Critic*, and that strange mixture of bashfulness and effrontery, Young Marlowe, in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Theatrically speaking, Mr. Sothern is still young, and it is not too late for him to try the experiment. Perpetually playing a range of characters, all more or less of a similar type, and written expressly for him, is enough to ruin any actor. Mr. Sothern seems to have had some difficulty during his career in ascertaining what was his "line." We believe one of his first attempts upon the stage was Sir Edward Mortimer, in *The Iron Chest*, but he speedily learned that tragedy was not his forte. Not long since he essayed the part of Claude Melnotte, but, as he has never repeated the attempt, we presume the result was not satisfactory. In a serious part, he appears ill at ease and out of his element, and always glad to escape into broad farce. Even in David Garrick, perhaps his best part, his greatest effects are produced by sudden transitions, such as the passages from his serious scenes with Ada Ingot to simulated intoxication.

Notwithstanding Mr. Sothern's great success and popularity as Dundreary, we question very much if he would not have become a greater actor if the character had never been written. We have seen the part played by other actors, whose performances showed what a miserable affair the play is. In America, where Mr. Sothern first played the character, the piece is frequently performed, and in the hands of Jefferson and Mr. J. S. Clarke, of Philadelphia (now acting at the Strand Theatre in London), Asa Trenchard becomes the prominent character of the piece. In this country the part of the 'cute Vermont farmer is invariably caricatured, and has no justice done to it. It was the original intention, when *Our American Cousin* was written, that Mr. Belford, a London light comedian of merit, should undertake Dundreary. Mr. Tom Taylor was, we believe, by no means enamoured of his own production, and the arrangement fell through. Subsequently Mr. Sothern took up the character in the United States with much success. The Americans relished the idea of one of "the bloated aristocracy" being a buffoon and semi-idiot. Dundreary's jokes are really of the most dismal and dreary character, and are only redeemed by Mr. Sothern's odd way of delivering them. Here is his first joke, at which most of the audience laugh consumedly. Not understanding what Lady Mount chessington says, he comes forward to the footlights and remarks, "What a damn'd thoopid old woman that ith!" Floundering and hopping about a drawing-room, and flopping down on ladies' laps, are actions well enough in pantomimes and screaming farces, but utterly

beneath the abilities of an actor like Mr. Sothern. But the fact is the play is nothing more or less than an outrageous farce. We see by the bills that Mr. Sothern has enacted the character of Dundreary upwards of 2,500 nights—that is to say, excluding Sundays, a number of nights equal to eight years in succession. We should think he must be heartily sick of it, and have some difficulty in separating Dundreary's idea from his own. Poor Albert Smith, after giving his Mont Blanc entertainment for two or three years, declared that he thought he should die of Mont Blanc on the brain, and changed the performance, although he was still drawing full houses. Perhaps Mr. Sothern feels something of a similar nature; for we observe that he continues to diversify the performance by interpolations, new jokes, songs, and carefully-prepared impromptus, supplemented by attractions in the shape of gorgeous green and gold dressing gowns, plum-coloured velvet jackets, jewels, and other outward adornments of the person. So far as the text is concerned, it is materially altered since the first production of the piece, but that is of little moment. An injudicious and indiscriminating audience go far to spoil any actor. We have seen a large portion of the audience laugh at the late Mr. Robson, when he was lost in a very tempest of passion and was acting like a being possessed. We have also seen people tittering at Mr. J. L. Toole during some of the most pathetic parts of Caleb Plummer, the old toy-maker. Mr. Sothern has also had to combat this difficulty, and in almost all his characters a return to Dundrearyisms is invariably welcomed by a large portion of his audience, and considering how often he has played the character, he would be almost more than human if he could avoid it.

Mr. Sothern has one characteristic as an actor which redounds to his credit, and really bears witness to his merits. That is his faculty of drawing out and developing the talents of the performers who play with him. Seldom do the Manchester performers play with such care and success as when they fill the very indifferent parts which they perform in conjunction with Mr. Sothern. This was notably the case with the late Miss Nelly Moore, who made a prodigious stride in her profession all at once during Mr. Sothern's engagement at the Theatre Royal The other night Mr. Wainwright, notwithstanding some uncouthness which he has to get rid of, gave Mr. Sothern very efficient support in *Home*. The same remark applies to Miss Anne Radcliffe, whose performance, if it had been divested of a broad provincial accent, was as near perfection as possible. We have never seen Miss Cavendish to so much advantage as during this visit with Mr. Sothern, and that is with a distinct and vivid recollection of her previous performances. An actor who can evoke talent in this way must be possessed of very considerable inherent attainments of his own. It is perhaps too much to expect that Mr. Sothern should depart from a line of character in which he has been successful, as things go; but, for our part, we should not regret if we have seen the last of Dundreary, and trust yet to see this gentleman in a higher range of character than that upon which his present repntation is based.

WAREHOUSE SLANG.

THE disposition to create and use those words and phrases which are commonly denominated Slang is irresistible. It is confined to no particular class of society. Alike in low and vulgar life and in the highest seats of learning, is bastard English used. The current number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains a short article on the slang of Oxford, in which the writer, taking the universities as typically representative of the social and intellectual condition of young England, sets forth his paper as a specimen essay upon the slang of all male society. Regarding his subject from a social point of view, he doubts the utility of criticizing "any set of expressions which are merely technical and connected with some special profession or practice." We are inclined to differ with him here, believing that though the purely technical may have the least interest, the slang of any particular profession or class of men is not altogether a useless study. It is curious to note the forms of expression that arise out of particular occupations, and the slang words which find most favour with any body of men. There are instances, too, of slang words arising from departments of trade which have found their way into society and become current coin. Take for example the expressive phrase "to cotton," which means to like, to adhere to, or agree with any person; "to cotton to a man," to attach yourself to him or fancy him means, literally, to stick to him as cotton would. We take it, then, that the slang of a warehouse may be as interesting in its way as that of a university, and in furtherance of this idea propose to note a few of the words of a slang nature which we have remarked as characteristic of the conversation of warehousemen.

If a Manchester warehouseman be questioned regarding the nature of his occupation, he will doubtless inform you with playful modesty that he is "in the rag trade." His employers are usually spoken of as his "governors." His situation he denominates "a berth" or "a crib," the latter word corresponding to the one used at Oxford signifying a sanctum. His "crib" is sacred to himself, his own with all its honours and emoluments. The remuneration he gets for his work is spoken of as "screw." The origin of this term is doubtful. It is usual in some warehouses to wrap the amount due to each in a screw of paper, but the use of the expression is apparently of older date than this custom. It has been maintained by some that there is a little delicate irony in the term, and that it has reference to the difficulty of obtaining adequate remuneration for labour. On the day on which the salaries are paid it is sometimes remarked that "there is great pressure on the screw." To be discharged from a situation is to be "swapped," that is, exchanged. To be out of situation is to be "out of collar," or "out of berth." The words "out of collar" Mr. Camden Hotten, in his *Dictionary of Slang*, says are probably a variation of the metaphorical expressions "in or out of harness, *i.e.*, in or out of work—the horse being in collar when harnessed for his work. When a man is out of situation he is frequently described as "an inspector of public buildings," or as being engaged in the firm of "Street, Walker and Co." One who has a comfortable position is said "to have it weighed," that is, has things fairly meted out to him. To be called specially into the presence of any of the heads of the firm is to be "carpetted." If one is so carpetted for the purpose of listening to some complaint, or to receive a reprimand, he is said to be "sweated," a very expressive phrase, indicative of the fact that the mental disquietude undergone by a culprit under such circumstances has a strong tendency to induce perspiration.

Besides the slang term "bagman," used to denominate a commercial traveller, but now becoming obsolete, there is perhaps no other applied to any occupation in a warehouse save that of "hooker-in." To hook is to entrap, to catch, to fasten; and a hooker is vulgarly supposed to employ these means of obtaining customers to the house in which he is employed. Tempting lots of goods are spoken of as cheap "lines." To offer them at low prices is to "cut" them. The words "shoddy" and "mungo" are used to express inferiority in quality. To return goods after they have been purchased is "to pig" them, and the goods so returned are styled "cold pig." Deficiencies in measurement are spoken of as "shorts." Fents are portions taken from the ends of pieces. From this practice has arisen the phrase "to fent." To fent a thing is to abstract anything from it, the process being generally considered illegitimate when this expression is associated with it. The term "won't wash" is one in common use, and is one applied to any argument or thing that will not stand the test of soundness. It has arisen out of the use of cheap and loose colours in dyeing, that will not stand the application of water.

The writer of the paper on Oxford Slang says that Oxford claims the credit of having invented the verb "to bosh," which he says means to balk, to annoy, to spoil. To "bosh" a man is to make him look small before his fellows. There is a phrase in use among warehousemen which appears to be an exact equivalent to this. "Kibosh" means nonsense, humbug; "it's all kibosh" means that it is all nonsense. To "put on the kibosh" is to run down, degrade, or make ridiculous. This phrase we have often heard among business men. Another expression claimed for Oxford is "in the swim," used when any good fortune has happened, or seems likely to happen. When a man in business is in a fair way of prosperity he is said "to get on swimmingly," which is only another form of the same expression."

Warehousemen are fond of what are called "sells," or catch questions. Occasionally some of these will go the round of the various establishments, as, for instance, the favourite one, "Have you seen Simpson?" Among warehousemen, as among other classes of men, there are many who may be styled "fast" in their dress and living. These are generally spoken of as "cards." In the ordinary conversation of such there is usually to be found a large proportion of slang picked up in music halls, but with this we have nothing to do here. Such an one will speak of his lodgings as his "diggings;" and of the warehouse in which he is employed as the place where he "hangs out." This latter expression is, of course, an allusion to the ancient custom of hanging out signs. He will express himself as willing to "fly for a drain," that is to toss up for a glass of liquor. If he has been "on the spree" overnight, he will tell you he "feels like a boiled owl." If he goes without his dinner, he "boxes Harry."

So this Manchester warehouseman, never particularly noted for the classic beauty and correctness of his speech, helps, like his more learned brethren of Oxford, to defile the pure well of English, and to convey his thoughts in "rabole-charming words which carry so much wildfire in them."

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EPITATH.

Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell like Autumn fruit that mellow'd long—
Even wonder'd at because he dropt no sooner;
Fate seem'd to wind him up for fourscore years,
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more,
Till, like a clock, worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.
Nat. Lee.

WINTER: THE INN.

Hear his great fires, see how his bleak old face
Glows ruddy through the stream of fragrant punch.
Can pensive Spring, a snowdrop in his hand,
A solitary lark above his head,
Laugh like the jovial sinner in his cups?
I vote for Winter! Why, you know the "Crown,"
The rows of pewter winking in the light,
The mighty egg-flip at the sanded bar,
The nine pins, skittles, silent dominoes,
The bellied landlord with his purple head,
Like a red cabbage on December morn
Crusted with snow. His buxom daughter, Bess—
A dahlia, not a rosebud—she who bears
The foaming porter to the guests, and laughs
The loudest at their wit Can any Summer
Build you a nest like that?
Alex. Smith.

TRAMWAYS IN NEW YORK AND MANCHESTER.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—Your remarks on my letter are of such a tenor that I fear I have not very clearly stated facts, and that my letter has been entirely misunderstood.

Taking Cheetham Hill Road as an instance of the way the New York system might be carried out here, and in reply to your question, I say that the lady calling in Cheetham Hill would simply get into the first car as it went up, and would be taken to town by a slightly circuitous route *in less time*, however, than is now expended in going straight down Cheetham Hill Road. To extend my illustrative application further, Cheetham Hill Road would be worked by three separate circuits of cars. 1. Up the road, turning *via* Elizabeth Street, and back by Waterloo Road and Strangeways. 2. Up the road turning at Halliwell Lane and down Waterloo Road. 3. Up to the Polygon, and down a street whose name I forget, across to Higher Broughton, and back by Bury New Road. To these, if there was traffic enough, a fourth might be added. Up the road, turning along Queen's Road, and back by Rochdale Road, which in its turn would be the return route for the cars (in similar circuits) going up Oldham Road.

Your next deduction is, that because the cars *can* be used *stern first* that Albert Square would be converted into a livery stable. If a car proceeds in a circuit, as I pointed out, it is obvious the horses would not have to be changed, and the only reason for the cars being so made, appears to me, to be for the convenience of getting on and off, as I said they are not all so constructed in New York.

There *is* one thing to prevent the driver letting his friends ride free, and this also prevents passengers from being dishonest. It is publicity. I stated that all fares must be paid *on entering*, so that there is no need for the driver to leave the car "to Providence" whilst he follows a passenger who "sneaks off." "Pay first" is a good rule. Any single passenger may be dishonest enough, or they all might be individually dishonest enough, not to pay if they could ride without. But sneaking won't do in the presence of all the other passengers.

The inside of a New York car is so different from our close unhealthy busses, that Manchester men would soon get used to the loss of outside seats, and if that objection was fatal, it is easy to provide outside seats. It would not for a moment invalidate the system, and does not enter into the argument as to the relative merits of flange and guide-wheel trams.

Of course no tram ought to be allowed to be laid down on such a system as would prevent other vehicles from crossing it. But for the prevention of accidents, it is imperatively necessary to provide that no other vehicle should attempt to travel along the tramway, either in the direction of the cars or so as to meet them. The tram must be kept free from obstruction. A clear track is a necessity.

You forget one thing in the pity you bestow upon the poor driver "who has to stand to his work all day," "give change, and drive." I have shewn that he has not to see that no one gets off without paying. He has only to see that no one gets on without. On the guide-wheel system the driver has to whistle carts out of the way, to put on a brake with his foot, to lift the wheel out of the groove, and to drive three horses instead of two. As to his giving change, if he can do it in New York, where so much of the money in circulation consists of paper, surely he could do it here where we have only metal. The flanges drive for my driver, except at the points, for the horses can't pull a car off the metals. His brake is a screw instead of a lever brake, and his change-giving ought only to consist in supplying copper for silver. People who use the cars ought hardly to expect change for a sovereign. For comfort, convenience, speed, safety, durability, and cheapness, commend me to the simple flange tramway.—I am sir, yours, &c.,

JAY DOUBLEYOU AITCH.

Manchester, Nov. 6th, 1869.

THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—In a copy of the *Sphinx*, dated October 30th, forwarded to me by an unknown friend, I see an article on the Conversion of the Jews. In this article the following use is made of my name:—

In the spring of this year, at a meeting held at Chichester, the Rev. Mr. Wainwright of Blackpool, who is quite a sea-side divine unfurnished, stated that there were 2,000 baptized Jews in London, and 100 ordained clergymen who had been gathered from the Jewish race. He was challenged by Mr. Emmanuel, of Southsea, to afford some clue either by date or otherwise, of the baptism of these 2,000 converts. No one will be surprized that he did not do it, and the reverend gentleman has gone on complacently consuming potted shrimps at Blackpool since, without any idea that at Chichester he made a spectacle of himself, or that there was anything outrageous in the statement that "the Jews were as much in need of conversion as the Heathen." The Rev. Mr. Wainwright has been born behind his time. He ought to have been chaplain to King John, who

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drew the teeth of the Jews in order to get money out of them; or he might have combined the two offices, dentist and chaplain too, and have hung the salvation of a tooth on the salvation of a soul.

In fairness to myself, as well as to the society which I represented on the occasion referred to, you cannot refuse me a short space in your columns. With regard to the 2,000 baptized Jews in London, the Rev. C. H. Banning, the Secretary of the Jews' Society, proved in the *West Sussex Gazette* that the number was under, rather than over stated. The 100 ordained clergy who have been gathered from the Jewish race, are not only known to the officers of the society, but their names are recorded, and their persons could be identified, if circumstances arose to make it necessary.

That the writer of the article should be shocked at the statement that the Jews were as much in need of conversion as the heathen does not at all surprize me. He tells us in a former part of the article, "I understand very little of doctrinal theology, or wherein consists the difference intrinsically between one denomination and another." How can it be expected, then, that he should be able to appreciate the doctrinal difference between Christianity and Judaism? Would it not be well for him first to inform himself upon the subject, before he presumes to denounce a clergyman whose previous training in doctrinal theology must render him as capable to form an opinion upon such matters as one who confesses that he does not understand them? But, unfortunately for him, he has come into collision, not only with one whom he designates "a sea-side divine unfurnished," but also with the teaching of the whole established church (to say nothing of the New Testament), which, in her collect for Good Friday, puts into her people's mouths these words: "Have mercy upon all Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Hereticks, and take from them all ignorance, hardness of heart, and contempt of Thy Word; and so fetch them home to Thy flock, that they may be saved," &c.

The connection between drawing "the teeth of Jews, in order to get money out of them," and subscribing money in order to preach the gospel to them, I do not as yet perceive. It may be that the writer is as ignorant of the agencies employed, and the work achieved, by the Jews' Society as he admits himself to be of the "doctrinal theology" on which he presumes to give his opinion.

C. H. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

Christ Church Parsonage, Blackpool.

BUXTON.—The Duke of Devonshire has made a liberal offer to the people of Buxton. He says that if the people of that town will form a public company to carry out a number of required improvements, with a capital of £10,000, he will take half the shares, and give in addition eight or nine acres of land at a nominal rent of 5s. per annum. A committee has been appointed to canvass the town and take other steps. It was stated at a meeting held on Friday, that the land offered by the Duke was worth £9,000; this, with the £5,000 of capital he offers to provide, making His Grace's contribution to the scheme £14,000.

A SHAKSPERIAN DIARY.

THE universality and inexhaustible variety of Shakspere have been proved over and over again, but seldom more curiously than by the little work issued by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, under the title of *The Shakesperian Diary and Almanack*. Mr. Nottage, who has compiled it, has furnished an apt and appropriate Shaksperian quotation for every day, applicable either to dead or living celebrities, or to notable events. In short, he has left "no day without a deed to crown it." Thus, for January 1, we have The Overend Gurney Prosecution commenced 1869: "There's theft in 'limited' professions." T. of A., a. iv., sc. 3. 8th. Galileo died, 1642: "O, learned indeed were that astronomer!" Cym., a. iii., sc. 2. 18th. Charles Kean born, 1811: "Accounted a good actor." Ham., a. iii., sc. 2. 29th. Roebuck entered Parliament, 1833: "He hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks his tongue speaks." Much Ado, a. iii., sc. 2. February 2. Beau Nash died, 1761: "There can be no kernel in this light nut; the soul of this man is in his clothes." All's Well, a. ii., sc. 5. 6th. Swinburne born, 1843: "Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination." K. Lear, a. iv., sc. 6. 15th. Captain Cook killed, 1779: "Murdered by savage islanders." Henry VI., a. iv., sc. 1, part second. March 17th. St. Patrick's Day: "Now for our Irish wars." Rich. II., a. ii., sc. 1. 26th. Good Friday: "Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins." Rich. III., a. i., sc. 4. June 29th. Sir Richard Mayne born, 1796: "Trusted with a muzzle." Much Ado, a. i., sc. 3. July 20th. Professor Owen born, 1804: "Bones bear witness." Win. T., a. iv., sc. 4. September 8th. Lindley Murray born, 1745: "Show me now, William, some declensions of your pronouns." Mer. Wives, a. iv., sc. 1. 22nd. Lord Chesterfield born, 1694: "Behaviour, what wert thou till this man showed thee?" L. L. L., a. v., sc. 2.

LYTHAM.

[FROM THE TIMES].

LYTHAM is about ten miles by the shore, eight by the road, below Blackpool, but has a different aspect, being situated beyond the point at which the Lancashire coast turns sharply eastward at the bay formed by the river Ribble. Lytham thus faces due south, and has an altogether different climate from Blackpool—enervating rather than bracing. Nor can it lay claim to any of the characteristic beauties of Blackpool, except its flatness and, perhaps, a few of its straight lines. Lytham, however, is anything but free from a weak-minded tendency to crooked ways and irregular courses, especially towards the east, where the shore curves round almost into a semicircle. The west shore also exhibits some slight symptoms of vacillation, and as the spires of Hoole and Southport, on the opposite side of the river, with the Welsh mountains looming beyond them, form a very pleasant boundary for the eye to rest upon after it has wandered over the waste of waters stretching away from the town, and complete the framework, as it were, of a gracefully varied picture. Lytham has, on the whole, an unbecoming tendency to look pretty and picturesque, unworthy its severe and strong-minded surroundings. Its houses, too, instead of being after the model lodging-house pattern, are many of them semi-detached, and with the air of private residences. It is on much better terms than Blackpool with the vegetable world, and one of its churches peeps forth very prettily from a cluster of trees, which embower and half hide the walls. Both Blackpool and Lytham, however, will, I fear, strongly resent my attempting to institute any comparison between them, for each plumes itself on having a very different theory of life to that embraced by the other. It seems to be a law of English watering-places—I find it on this as well as on the western coast—that every big and popular watering-place should have a small neighbour, which looks down with a patronizing smile of half pity, half contempt, upon it. They form together a sort of reverse of the well-known picture "Dignity and Impudence," since it is the little dog that does the dignity. Lowestoft and Yarmouth, Whitby and Scarborough, Saltburn and Redcar are instances in point. Just so little Lytham looks down upon big Blackpool as the plebeian haunt of "trippers," lodging-house keepers, and *nouveaux riches*, who can't talk their own language, and don't know how even decently to spend their own money. The big place, on the other hand, despises the little place as "stuck up" and slow, with no notion of real life and fun. The contempt, however, on both sides is amicable enough, and does not interfere with a friendly interchange of the visitors who happen to get tired of their own peculiar excellence and wish to try their neighbours' for a change.

DINNER FOR TWO.—A traveller lately arrived by railway at a locality not far from the Belgian frontier, and went to an hotel. Dinner being ready, and his appetite keen, he took his place forthwith at the *table d' hôte*, depositing his carpet-bag on the chair beside him. On calling for his bill, he was surprised to find in it, "Dinner for Two." His complaint was met by the observation that as his carpet-bag had occupied the place of a guest, he was bound to bear the innkeeper's loss. Very well; be it so. He paid the bill without further remark, and went about his affairs in Belgium. A few days afterwards he returned to the same town and went to the same hotel. Untaught by his previous lesson, he would not part with his inseparable carpet-bag, but again placed it on the chair beside him. This time, however, it was open-mouthed; and of every dish that was offered to its master, the carpet-bag received its share,—now the wing of a duck, then a bit of beef, and then a dainty slice of ham. The guests wondered, but said nothing; the innkeeper at last did venture to remonstrate. "Sir," said the traveller, "the last time I was here I paid for my carpet-bag's dinner, although it ate nothing. But if its appetite is improved to-day, you cannot reasonably complain of my indulging it."

KEMBLE AND HIS FEELINGS.—John Kemble went to rehearsal one morning without his coat. The manager, Mr Hughes, inquired the cause. "Sir," said Kemble, 'the landlord of the house where I was reading the paper charged me double for my ale. I told him he had cheated, and would not pay him. He seized me, and pulled off my coat; so rather than submit to his extortion, I came away without it." "But, Mr. Kemble—walk through the streets without your coat!" "But, Mr. Hughe, —pay sixpence for my ale." "But your coats Mr. Kemble!" "Curse my coat, Mr. Hughes; think of my feelings!"

Miss Burdett Coutts has caused an experiment to be made with cattle trucks fitted with hayracks and water troughs, and with other arrangements for the more humane transit of cattle by rail. Five heifers bought at Edinburgh were placed in one of these trucks, and the fine appearance of these animals when offered for sale at the metropolitan market on Monday attracted general attention.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

A. H. and C. H.—We cannot publish charges against private individuals. The letter was libellous.

RECEIVED.—Bowdon Church (declined, with thanks); Abbat (ditto); Narrative of a Steam Voyage (ditto). Correspondents who desire the return of manuscripts should enclose a stamp.

Communications should be addressed to the Editor, *Sphinx* Office, 37, Oxford Street, Manchester. Every manuscript should bear the name and address of the sender. All contributions are attentively considered, and unaccepted MSS are returned on receipt of stamps for postage. No replies or MSS. can be delivered on personal application.

Business communications and advertisements should be addressed to Messrs. J. G. KERSHAW & Co., "Main" Printing Offices, 37, Oxford-st, Manchester

THE *SPHINX* BY POST.

The *Sphinx* is now published on Friday morning, in time for the early trains. The terms (free by post) are as follows:

	One copy.	Two copies.
Three months.....	2s. 2d.	3s. 3d.
Six months	4s. 4d.	6s. 6d.

CRICKET and ATHLETIC SPORTS IN MANCHESTER.

The following articles and descriptive sketches have appeared in the *Sphinx*:—

No.
34.—Crossing Swords with Her Majesty's Inniskillings.
37.—A Bicycle Race at the Free Trade Hall.
39.—The Cumbrian and Westmorland Wrestlers.
40.—Gymnastics Again: Another Death.
41.—Owens College Athletic Sports.
43.—Lancashire *v.* Surrey, at Old Trafford.
44.—The Bicycle Contests at the Amphitheatre.
46.—An Assault-of-Arms at the Free Trade Hall.
47.—The Match between Lancashire and Sussex.
48.—The Athletic Festival.
49.—Amateur *v.* Professional Cricket.
49.—Athletic Fete at Longsight.
50.—Mode of Awarding Athletic Prizes.
51.—Lancashire Cricketers in the South.
52.—Pedestrianism *v.* Gymnastics.
53.—Lancashire *v.* Warwickshire.
54.—Swimming Races at the Mayfield Bath.
54.—Manchester *v.* Broughton.
55.—Lancashire *v.* Sussex.
56.—The Great Boat Race: Oxford *v.* Harvard.

MIDLAND RAILWAY.

Important Alteration of Evening Express Trains between London and Manchester.

THE Evening Express which has hitherto left Manchester for London (St. Pancras) at 5-30 p.m., is now altered to leave Manchester at 4-50 p.m., and has been accelerated to arrive at St. Pancras at 9-50 p.m.

The 4-40 p.m. Express from London to Manchester has been altered to leave St. Pancras at 5-0 p.m, and arrive at Manchester at 10-0 p.m.; the journey between Manchester and London by both these Trains now occupying **FIVE HOURS ONLY.**

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	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
MANCHESTER ..dep.	6-55	9-45	9-50	1—0	3-30	4-50
London .....arr.	12-5	2-45	4—0	6-40	8-35	9-50

SUNDAYS.

MANCHESTER, dep. 4-45 p.m. LONDON, arr. 10-0 p.m.

LONDON TO MANCHESTER.

WEEK-DAYS.

	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.	a m.	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
LONDON ....dep.	6-15	7-45	9—0	10-0	11-45	3—0	5—0
MANCHESTER, arr.	12-15	2-40	2-40	3—0	5—5	8—5	10-0

SUNDAYS.

LONDON, dep. 2-50 p.m. MANCHESTER, arr. 8—0 p.m.

THIRD CLASS from Manchester to London at 9-50 a.m. and 1-0 p.m., arriving at St. Pancras at 4-0 and 6-40 p.m. respectively, and from London to Manchester at 7-45 and 11-45 a.m., arriving at Manchester at 2-40 and 5-5 p.m.

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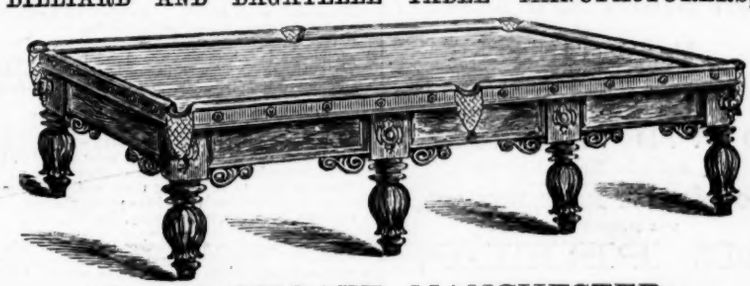

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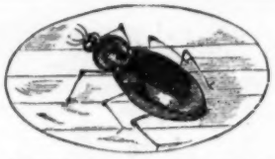

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